He is within with two reuerend *Fathers*,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignty thereon,
But ſure *I* feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay,
Enter Catesby:
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *L.* he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory *I* am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at there beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,